BACHELOR GIRL CHAT

SENSE, SENTIMENT, AND SCENT.

By HELEN ROWLAND.

"Why do you always remind me of a joss house and a flower garden?" demanded the Mere Man, with a sniff, as he entered the studio.

The Bachelor Girl glanced at the Oriental incense burner hanging from her chandeller with a smile of satisfaction. "Do I?" she asked thoughtfully. "Per

haps," she added, "it's because I don't want to remind you of paint and turpentine and cooking cheese. A man gets a woman so confounded with those things if she has them round her long enough."

divan with a comfortable sigh and a gratified inhalation. "With anything," returned the Bachelor Girl, as she put down her palette and

leaned lazily back in her Merris chair. "With potatoes and cabbage and dishpans and coal scuttles if it's his wife; with ham and eggs and washing soda if if its his stenographer, and with jasmine timent takes its cue from the feminine scent bottle oftener than a man has any idea of, and gets so mixed up with vera violetta and stephanotis sachet that half

"Humph!" grunted the Mere Man. "I can't see why any woman should want to Girl, be confounded with a Turkish harem or

an Oriental dance hall."
"She'd rather be confounded with " protested the Bachelor Girl, "than with kitchen soap and fried eggs and cof fee. It's because wives allow themselves to get mixed up with such things that they lose their charm for their husbands. A woman's fascination lies mainly in the 'atmosphere' she creates about herself. But wives are so busy buying matches and potatoes and lettuce that they forget to buy perfume and sachet powder. They are so busy trimming the house that they forget to trim their frocks and their pocket handkerchiefs. They are so busy cutting down expenses that they cut all the lace off their petticoats and all the

'In a word, they cease being parlor or-

"And become kitchen utensils," added the Bachelor Girl, "and are laid on the shelf with the old spoons and the mufflin ceive is to discover that his wife's hair don't grow on her and that her color she was destined to fill. It might be a me that you would not marry me, but I second spouse

Lord didn't send a woman straight from Treadway decided upon the social secre-"Every man knows that the heaven smelling like a perfumery factory, with forty ruffles round her feet and

make any difference. Everybody knows upon only for little trips to nearby points make any difference. Everybody knows upon only for little trips to nearby points now. It was that which brought me that an actress isn't the ravishing creature she appears across the footlights, going court to the girl. but, nevertheless, we always somehow get her confused with the fascinating heroine. And in just he same way a mental state of the conservation of the conservation and finally a proposal of the brilliancy of her hat and the kink in the curl on her forched and the kink in the curl on her forched and the way her fined and the kink in the curl on the for fined and the kink in the curl on the for fined and the way her fined and the way her fined and the kink in the curl on the for fined and the way her fined and the kink in the curl on the for fined and the way her fined and the conservatory at some one's dance, and a note in the conservatory at some one's dance, and a note in the way her fined and t remembers longest, but the delicate scent on her gloves and her laces and the way her skirts frou-froued when she waltzed. A man doesn't love a woman because she's good or noble or strongbecause she's good or noble or strongminded, but because she's delightful. And minded, but because she's delightful. And minded because she's delightful. And minded because she's delightful. And minded because she's delightful. And man half the wanted me to teach you. That was the more than thirty-six years.

It is love that a girl wants, fom. It's love that a girl wants, fom. It's love daughters not always the money she seeks. I liked you before, but I could not be bought."

The only chief engineer in the country who has been longer in service than he is Thomas O'Connor, of the New Orleans with long lashes were soft and dreamy. Her mouth was sweet and sensuous. Her mouth was sweet and sensuous. Her mouth was sweet and sensuous. Her chestnut hair was elegantly dissevere pains right here," indicating the

time by lighting a cigarette. "Could you?" demanded the Bachelor as though it were under the observation of a string of traffic police.

'I-I never tried," he answered eva-

"Of course, you didn't." retorted the tle sigh.

"I never tried to love an angle from heaven," pursued the Mere Man calmly, own," he promised, "when we are mar"but I fancy I could love a nice girl just ried." as well if she didn't soak herself in pat-chouli and rice powder. Beauty's only with a touch of coldness in her voice. skin deep at best; and when it's only pad

the Mere Man defiantly above her tilted coach up a little, but you'll make it all and the daintiest dishes and best wines.

He announced open house on Sunday beautiful in order to be charming. All she needs is the fermine instinct and the quietly. nor brains nor character that counts with a man; it's the eternal feminine that catches the eternal masculine by the York who would just jump at the throat and-and makes a lump come chance." there. A man doesn't know the real thing in beauty from the imitation; and if he did he wouldn't care. It doesn't matter of regret. No doubt you will find quick to him where a woman gets her complex- consolation.

stretching himself lazily on the divan,

"that we're so easy."

'round and his arms-

of fear in his eyes, "that I've got an 'illusion' in my law office, and when I marry I will wed an 'atmosphere,'

"You're human." interposed the Bachelor Girl succinetly. "Of course."

"And masculine." "I don't deny it."

"And that means that you will never be able to disentangle any woman from the mental impression you get by looking at and fall in love with women—because we mental impression you get by looking at land tall in love wher. Ask any man you know why he ever don't know them. "Of course, you lor Girl, triumph over her ear."

"I guess he won't!" exclaimed the Mere over her ear.

"With-which things?" inquired the Man mockingly. "A man in love isn't "I Mere Man, depositing himself on the capable of telling why he does anything." Man. "He'll probably say," pursued the Bachelor Girl, "that it was because she rended him of a picture or a poem or the

unlight on a daisy fielda joss house, or a Turkish mosque,

or a Burmese wedding, or-"
"He may be wise enough to know that it wasn't her beauty," continued the Bachelor Girl, "nor her wit, nor her goodness, though she may have all of those; it's his cook; with ink and office smoke but he will never know enough to realize that it was her subtle femininity peeping and triple extract and scented ruffles from the folds of her skirt and the corif it's any other woman. Masculine senhers of her eyes and the undulation in her pompadour and the bows of her slippers ture coming out in frills and flounces and

expressing itself in-"Billows and bangles and gew-gaws!" the time he doesn't know which is broke in the Mere Man enthusiastically. "And dissolving in acacia water and uquet d'amour!" added the Bachelor a laugh.

The Mere Man leaned back on the couch Not that you are fair, dear, not that you are

"And I suppose," he remarked cynically ment.

"Of course it is," agreed the Bachelor Girl promptly. "If you smell like heliotrope or illy of the valley and wore ros-

"Oh. well!" broke in the Mere Man desperately, "have it your own way. We smoke pipes and drink highballs because

over her ear.
"I don't love you—" began the Mere

"But the seven yards of lace on your skirt.'

long white glove that lay on the table and suffing it delightedly. "It makes me selves. sniffing it delightedly. "It makes me think of moonlight and Venice and poetry and old love and 'Il Trovatore' and 'Carare comparatively rare, but once a man men' all put together."

HIS COURSE IN LOVE

By LULU JOHNSON.

so-here I am.'

in a finishing school might be a good doesn't curl by magic and that her skirts thing to fit her for the place in society though, so on second thoughts perhaps tary as the lesser of two necessary evils.

"Not at all," retorted the Bachelor Girl. lage of a few thousand persons. Treadswinging her toes excitedly. "As far as way had been forced to stop over there women are concerned, every man is like for repairs to his automobile, and before a jury; he doesn't know anything until he has heard the evidence and seen the proofs. And even if he did, it wouldn't After that the automobile was called proofs. And even if he did, it wouldn't After that the automobile was called speech, that I am heartly ashamed of But widowers seem to look upon them

Perkins, his father's lawyer, made his you too much to give up without another

tation at all, Mr. Porter," and the Bach- him, however, and his declaration was elor Girl kicked her ruffled skirts with entirely characteristic. The two were re- cried Treadway with a laugh as he bent her toes impatiently. "Tell me," she add- turning from a ride into the country. A to touch the soft brown hair with his ed, leaning over and fixing the Mere Man score of couples had gone out to the lips. "Let's hope the others will not be with a searching glance, "could you home of a farmer host and the road was so drastic. You've been pretty hard on marry an angel from heaven-if she ate onlons and wore her hair in a bun?" dotted with buggies. At Marion's compound your pupil, sweetheart, mand, Treadway had not thrown on Copyright, 1908, by M. The Mere Man started and tried to gain speer to outstrip the others, as he usual-

"You shall have an automobile for your wife the doors of her home and provide

money to buy the best quality of ribbons you make is glittering in the extreme-and chiffon and-scent. It's not beauty but I must decline."

ion of her figure, so it's there; and she can use the same brand of scent so long. He busied himself with the steering that he will begin to believe that God wheel until the big black car drew up in gave it to her after a while."

wheel until the big black car drew up in front of the Titesman home. He helped ter of an admiring circle when he evolves

mockingly. "Do you suppose it's easy for a woman to live up to a role that is part catch and hurried up the walk to the house. Treadway watched her wistfully cookery.

She stammered something he could not her spare time in learning the art of house. Treadway watched her wistfully cookery.

retorted the Mere Man. "and we could ever find out what you really are, we might."

"Do you suppose," continued the Bachelor Girl, ignoring the thrust, "that that woman in the play who stole money to buy furbelows with did it as a pastime?

No: she did it because she had discovered the Atlantic between himself and the continual search for the words. There was the usual gossip, and then Wichfield forgot Treadway in the excitement of a revival meeting at which a famous evangelist exhorted. But Treadway did not forget, even though he put the width of the cooking is done, and there is a continual search for they recipies going. No; she did it because she had discovered the Atlantic between himself and the just what effect one yard of floating lace had on her husband."

"What effect did it have,?" cried the Mere Man eagerly. "Did it get up and clutch at his throat and make a lump come there and start his head going round and his arms—"

"Tound and his arms—"

There is also a wild scramble for invitations to these parties, for they have the charm of novelty.

We are a greedy lot, it seems, for feasting has a powerful attraction. Look at

What are you talking about, Mr. Por- autumnal airs made touring a delight, of supper rooms with their after-theater "What are you talking about, Mr. Porter?"

"About the yards of floating lace on your skiris and at your elbows and—"

"Every woman knows," interrupted the Bachelor Girl coldly, "that she can accomplish more, even in a business office, with a bottle of violet scent a pair of with a bottle of violet scent a pair of comfortable room, Once settled he sal-

after a pause, "that it's a man's fascinating masculinity that comes out in tobacco smoke and expresses itself in violent language and fist fights and a derby hat and dissolves in eecktails and whisky

sodas andettes on your derbys and curls on your foreheads and flounces 'round your trousers we'd hate you. But I don't suppose he added, studying the ceiling thoughtbraver or bigger or wickeder than he really was, or got his tailor to pad his shoulders or grew a mustache to hide a weak upper lip, or wore a silk hat to make himself look tall and imposing,

we think it's manly and attractive, and and fall in love with women-because we

"Of course, you do," agreed the Bachelor Girl, triumphantly, twisting a curl

"What?"

"Seventeen, Mr. Porter."
"And the spangle lace scarf 'round your

any sort of scent-or any masculine senti- | fore

"There might be a million or more who

(Copyright, 1908, by M. M. Cunningham.)

It is not difficult for any woman to at-

tain a degree of popularity if she has a

be of an attractive nature, but their

There used to be a professional man

He announced open house on Sunday

business, and there was always a little

The attraction of a well-spread table

s undeniable. Two of the plainest women

I know have the art of appealing to the palate so finely developed that they are

dangerous rivals to beauty. A stupld man

who bores everybody with whom he at-

good music, much interesting company and plenty to eat and drink. Therefore

drawing power is unfailing.

craving for it. She has only to throw

POINT OF VIEW

On the whole, Treadway thought it came upon her day dreaming at the foot and he cannot endure the enforced lonely rather nice of him to be willing to marry of a huge chestnut. As he approached, ness of his state for more than a year, Marion Hitesman. He was possessed of an income of half a million a year—the income from his mother's estate—and "For a moment I thought you must be usually allowed in the state for more than a year, for at the end of that period he makes haste to re-enter the bonds of matrimony. If he does not marry within a year he naments," commented the Mere Man ap- the services of two men to keep track of ward her.

> Marion was a dainty little country woman, but she would need a lot of social training, of course. Perhaps a year a social secretary would be a better plan.

ly did, and the car rolled along as quietly FROM WOMAN'S

Marion, leaning back against the up-holstered cushions, gave a luxurious lit-

Bachelor Girl, triumphantly. "You probably ran away at the first—" "I love automobiling," she sa the car ûoes not run too fast." "I love automobiling," she said, "when

"Are we to be married?" she asked, "I hope so, was the prompt reply. "I've got a lot of money, and in time I "It's just as good as any other kind!" shall have a lot more. I can give you whose eccentricities were ridiculed, but broke in the Bachelor Girl, clasping her everything you want and introduce you whose entertainments were well patron-I can give you whose eccentricities were ridiculed, but small hands about one knee and regarding into society. Of course, you'll have to ized because he furnished real amusement

> "No, thank you," said Marion very evening, his one day of relaxation from "I admit that the proposition

"It's too bad," sighed the Mere Man, retching himself lazily on the divan, hat we're so easy."

her out and opened the gate for her.

"It is good-by as well as good night," and a chafing-dish. So I say to the he said as she held out her hand. "I woman who despairs of achieving social The Bachelor Girl laughed shall be gone in the morning." shall be gone in the morning."

She stammered something he could not a chef, if she can afford one, or spend

angel, part houri, and part cook? It house. Treadway watched her wistrully would be much easier if you loved us, as wellow you, for ourselves alone instead of for what we pretend to be.'

"If you didn't pretend to be so much," against the light from the open door. In the early dawn the big touring car are of frequent occurrence. One hostess are of frequent occurrence.

nomeward.

The summer had passed, but the brisk the number of restaurants, of tea rooms,

VACANT CHAIR SOON REFILLED

veal Fact that Popular Period for Men Is Between Ages of Twentyfive and Twenty-nine; for Women Twenty and Twenty-four,

between the ages of twenty-five and what they believe are the ends of port of the statistician of the police de- willing than men to use their influence partment. Those who take the step for or position unscrupulously to further the other day of that morbid little prayer the first time favor Parisiennes who have their own ends, and adds that they are passed their twentieth milestone, but who more likely to betray confidences. have not attained the dignity of twentyfour years. The exceptions, those who but coming as it does from a woman prefer helpmates older than themselves, herself it is likely to have more weight houlders, and the bows on your slippers, are less than 10 per cent of the entire than ordinarily it would. and the delicate essence of-of-what is number. To be exact, of 11,000 who for-it?" he demanded, curiously, picking up a sook bachelorhood last year 942 married

has lost, a wife he seems anxious to trust "It's the expression of my soul, Mr.
Porter." exclaimed the Bachelor Girl:
"it's the subtle secret of my personality;
"it's my femininity and my attraction
Between thirty-five and thirty-nine wid"it's my femininity and my attraction of mean tingular control of mean in Australia, restaurant keepers of mean in Australia, r nd— What are you doing?"

owers are active in their search for a section of the Mere Man had walked across to ond wife. They show a decided preferthe little toilet table and was interestedly ence for young women under thirty. But examining a small silver bottle. ence for young women under thirty. But second helping of anything, and custom-examining a small silver bottle. "Acacia blossom," he murmured is still on the lookout for a companion, they ples thoughtfully, at \$2.98 an ounce. That's a he usually seeks a woman with some experience, about his own age, or, at any "It's enough to pay," retorted the rate, over forty, and he does not object is exercised cuts down the profits of pro-Bachelor Girl, rising nonchalantly, "for to the fact that she had been married be-

Widows Preserve Their Youth.

Apparently French widows never grow for in one year forty women over sixty years of age who had lost their husbands contracted a second union with partners about their own age. When a Frenchman between the age of thirty-five and thirty-nine has the misfortune to lose his wife he apparently is inconsolable with outstretched hand.

"For a moment I thought you must be when his father died—well, it required the services of two men to keep track of the Treadway investments.

With outstretched hand.

"For a moment I thought you must be fore he seriously thinks of seeking and the before he left that you had gone abroad the Treadway investments.

With outstretched hand.

"For a moment I thought you must be fore he seriously thinks of seeking and a vision," she cried, as he hurried to the seriously thinks of seeking and other wife, and statistics show that the parison to this. In his limited exit it was all that studied art and cultible for the seriously thinks of the people when birthdays aren't things I care to have publicly noticed, and without vanity it was all that studied art and cultible for the people when birthdays aren't things I care to have publicly noticed, and without vanity it was all that studied art and cultible for the people when his father died—well, it required to the seriously thinks of seeking and other wife, and statistics show that the parison to this. In his limited exit it was all that studied art and cultible for the people when his father died—well, it required to the seriously thinks of seeking and the parison to this. In his limited exit it was all that studied art and cultible for the people when his father died—well, it required to the parison to this. In his limited exit it was all that studied art and cultible for the people when birthdays aren't things I care to the have publicly noticed, and without vanity it was all that studied art and cultible for the people when his father died—well, it required to the parison to this. In his limited exit it was all that studied art and cultible was for the winter."
"I did go across," he confirmed, "but I couldn't stay. I wanted to come back and ask you if your decision was final."
"My decision?" she echoed.

about forty-five, after eight or nine years of solitude. Here, again, there are exceptions, and cases have been known of husbands who, having, at the age of seventy-five, lost their wives, did not wait twelve months before taking to themselves a "My decision?" she echoed.
"Yes," he explained. "I know you told months before taking to themselves a

comes and goes-when she comes bother to wait a year before marriage, could not be content until I asked again. On the other hand, during an entire I went to London and Paris to try to year there was only one woman in Paris forget you, but the farther from home who, at the age of seventy-five, was I got the more I seemed to want you, and courageous enough to marry for the sec

"But the hundred or more who were Men who have been divorced between monial happiness with the aid of innocent would be ready to accept my hundreds," partners who have not yet attained their he replied impatiently, "but the whole thirtieth year. Divorcees between thirty million in one big seraglio would not be and thirty-four easily find bachelor hus-

WOMEN ARE LESS HONEST.

Mary Heaton Vorse Says Sex Is Not Equal to Men.

Are women more or less honest than men? The question is an old one, and no answer that can be given is likely to satisfy more than half of any given number of persons.

It is raised again by Appleton's Magazine in March number, and the answer, although given by a wellknown women-Mary Heaton Vorse-is against her sex. She does not assert Statistics of Police Department Re- that women are more prone to commit those crimes of which the courts take cognizance, but that their sense of honor is less keen than that of the masculine half of humanity. She quotes a judge as saying that women are more willing than men to perjure themselves on the witness stand, al-Paris, Feb. 22 -- Most Parisians marry though usually they do it to further twenty-nine, according to the latest re- justice, admits that women are more Prayers in the Morning.

of woman's inability to keep a secret

MEALS FOR TWELVE CENTS. Australian Hash Men Decide

Raise Price. Owing to the abundance and cheapnes of meat in Australia, restaurant keepers

It is the hospitable custom in Australian popular restaurants not to charge for a the they please after having paid for the The freedom with which this privilege

prietors of 12-cent restaurants. have decided in conference to raise the

to pleasure.

ullities of the drawing-room.

CAPTIVATOR OF NAPOLEON

CHARACTER SKETCH OF JOSEPHINE.

WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES OF HER SEX.

father

"Jane," so says my friend Maria,
"Died and crossed the Stygian flood,
And before a gate beyond it
Asking for admission stood.

"'Are there any men here?' asked she, And the gateman, stern of phiz, Nodded in assent, and answered: 'Yes; they make it what it is.'"

That is all Maria told me.

And I wonder what she meant.

Maybe some one else can tell me

To which place it was Jane went.

The business woman and I were talking we were all taught to say in our infancy 'Now I lay me down to sleep." Of course, we both recalled the shivering isery the possibility of "If I should die before I wake" roused in us whenever we cappened not to have been perfect all day, and we were glad that the children we know most about aren't taught that depressing prayer. After that the busito ness woman showed me an illuminated prayer in the same meter-a paraphrase. No Medicine; Only Diagnosis. one may say-which somebody sent her at Christmas. The author's name wasn't signed to it; and I'm sorry for that, for a physician I know was called to attend I'd like to congratulate the person who while he was spending his vacation in the ut together so fine and strong a prayer Pennsylvania mountains last summer. It with which to begin one's day. These are was a brand-new baby, and I think the words of it

Now I get me up to work; I pray the Lord I may not shirk. If I should die before the night. I pray the Lord my work's all gight.

Would Buy Baby if Necessary. Little Anna Hall, who comes to Wash

not uncommon among infants, though I never heard any one say so before. The grandmother had charge of the case, and she hadn't an especially high opinion of "Doctor," said she, "we didn't send for ington frequently, though her home is in you to doctor this haby, for we have

Pittsburg, where her father is president given it every known remedy, even to

three drops of its own blood. All we Want you to do is to tell us what's the matter with it."

of the board of trade, or something like

that, is not longer an only child, and a

new sister was extremely welcome to her,

for she had worried over the lack of one

for a long time. When she was last in

Washington, she heard that a new baby

had come to the milkman's home. Very

early next morning-I suppose she was

five or six years old then-she crept out

to the back door to wait for the fortunate

"You have a baby at your house,

haven't you?" she asked him when he

"De you want to sell it?" asked Anna.

Anna took him into her confidence

"Well, I don't know," replied the milk-

"I'll tell you how it is," she said. "I'm

trying to make arrangements with Jesus

to send us one for nothing, but if He

won't-I've been praying quite a while,

Talking about babies reminds me of one

a physician I know was called to attend

doctor told me it had a form of lockiaw

and He hasn't yet-I'd like to buy yours.

"Yes," he said. "A little girl."

nan much amused.

Tactful Man Conceals Her Age. "The lady with whom I board," says the woman who has never married, "is the dearest old soul on earth. Her only Napoleon had never come under the ordered, her shoulders and bust hid defect is that she knows my exact age. spell of such society as that which he behind no covering, and of her little I trust I'm not ashamed of being the age ad now entered, says Thomas E. Wat- feet and shapely ankies just enough I am, but, really, there are some things son in his "Life of Napoleon." That was seen to please the eye and stimu- one prefers to maintain a certain reti-Mme. Tallien and Josephine. He moved in a new sphere. Around him was the brilliance of a court. In apartments adorned with every ornament and more good looks; but it may be doubted whether any lady of tion till we streamed out into the dining. luxury, night was turned into day, and with music, the dance, the song, the feast, men and women gave themselves to pleasure.

In the makers and mere good looks; but it may be doubted whether any lady of tion till we streamed out into the diningroom. There on the table was the biggest birthday cake I ever saw, and it had the makers of the charm, which unites in the makers of them. the makeup of a facinating society woman.

Add to this that she was sensual, eigensty religious for them, it seemed to me at my first horror-stricken glance. For a moment nobody said anything. The revelation of those candles was too amount of the second cated Napoleon Bonaparte, the raw pro-That he was madly infatuated, there could be so tactful I'm not at all sure I shouldn't have married one years ago-

Her mouth was sweet and sensuous that tender sweet voice, an broken the spot ma. She asked dana.

"I will divorce her!" he said fiercely to his brothers, when they put bespot. "Dr. Blank says the diaphragm

When the brothers came next day to er tremendously, and resents any crititalk further about the divorce, they found little Josephine happy as a bird sitting on Napoleon's knee, and nestl-With two children at home, it's only nat-"Listen, Bourrienne," exclamed Na. ural that she should belong to half a poleon, joyously, on his return to Paris dozen card clubs, and, of course, these from Marengo, "listen to the shouts of take up her time, not to mention the un-the people! It is sweet to my ears, clubbed card parties that are always hapone day not long ago, and Jack came to

"Mother isn't at home." he said. "Good gracious!" said the visitor. "This few moments of happiness I have ever makes four times I've been here to see her and she hasn't been at home. She's never here."
"Oh, yes, she is," said Jack, sturdily.

Lack of Title Worries Aunt.

"The fact that I'm not what she calls a 'professor' has always worried the pious soul of my aunt," says the real estate man. "She's never talked to me much all the way through. When I allude to about it, but she has hinted at the risks action, I don't necessarily mean physical I am running in ways that only a person movement and pistol play," says Daniel of her delicate tact would think up. Recently a cousin of mine, her favorite nephew, died, and my aunt sent me the news by letter. My cousin was superin-tendent of the Sunday school, and was in

> 'We feel his loss deeply,' she wrote knowing what he was. "And in a postscript she added:

"'Just think how awful we'd feel now if it had been you.'

Just Out of Prognosis,

"When people in our part of the counvictims of the circumstances which body else if they can possibly help it. They have faith in nobody but their own man, so long as he manages to be fairly successful. Last spring I went up to Chicago for a few days, much to the distress of a young mother in our town, who expects me to inspect her only baby every other day at least. The second day of my stay she telegraphed me to come home at once. Baby was sick-she told me the trouble-she didn't know what to do. It wasn't an urgent case I knew, so I wired back a reassuring message, told her to give the baby a dose of some medicine she had at hand, and to fill out the ten words I put in 'Prognosis admirable,' I always like to use large words when I'm telegraphing-makes me feel that I'm getting the worth of my money, you know. When I got home, two days later,

> 'She's all right now,' the mother told me, 'but we were awfully worried. We had to rely on the medicine you left, though. The boy at the drug store said they didn't have a bit of prognosis in the

I went to see the baby.

A JAUNTY SHIRT WAIST.



It has become quite the fashion for and provide the necessary fullness over women to create their own odd blouses, and some very charming styles intended and are finished with pretty turnback with a bottle of violet scent, a pair of comfortable room. Once settled he saluring tengs and a box of almond paste lied forth to find Marion.

She was not at home of one of the party, who proposed be seen. A pleasing waist of ombre tarfor development, the medium size required to the party of the part curling tongs and a box of almond paste than with the brain of a Shakespeare and the endurance of a Sandow. It isn't her ability to transcribe notes and add figures that counts; it's her ability to create an illusion and an atmosphere—"

"Do you mean to say," demanded the "Do you mean to say," d

He, the unsocial man of books and woman. amps, was not fitted to shine in that social circle. He was uncouth, spoke gantly voluptuous, finished in the subtle mysteries of conquetry, fully always respected began to count them. I Marion Hitesman was only a little ready to accept you and your millions?" the ages of thirty-five and thirty-seven the language with an unpleasant accountry girl, the belle of Wichfield, a vilse reminded.

Subtle mysteries of conquetry, fully can tell you his stock went down mighty usually continue their quest for matricely manner or speech, tempting woman exerts over the pass. cent, had no grace of manner or speech, had nothing imposing in figure or bearing, and he felt almost abashed in the high presence of these elegant the high presence of the power which the physically tempting woman exerts over the passions of men, and it can be better understood how this languishing but the high presence of these elegant the high presence of these elegant the high presence of the power which the physically the passions of men, and it can be better understood how this languishing but the high presence of these elegant the high presence of the power which the physically the passions of men, and it can be better understood how this languishing but the high presence of these elegant the high presence of the presenc

vincial of twenty-seven. Shy, ill at ease, he was not much noticed and not much liked by the ladies can be no doubt he loved her and he but that man's one in ten thousand. of the directorial court, with one exoception—Josephine. Either because of Never before, never afterward, did he
company who inspired him with

"I will divorce her!" he said fiercely to his brothers, when they put before him proof of her guilt, after the
Egyptian campaign. But through the
locked door came the sobs of the
stricken wife, came her plaintive pleadincrease.

"I knows jus' what it is. My Father! I
should say I do. It's terrible. I never
knew the name of it before, but I always
has the diaphragm every time I cats

hour after hour, piteously knocking at sausage." the door. It was too much; the cold resolution melted; the soldier was once His Mother Sleeps at Home. more the lover and the door flew open. My young friend Jack admires his mothing in his arms.

this praise of the French-as sweet as pening. An old friend went to see her the voice of Josephine!" Even when cold policy demanded the the door, divorce it was he who wept the most. "Josephine! my noble Josephine! The

enjoyed I owe to you!" And in the closing scene at St Helena it was the same. The dying "Oh, yes, she is," said Jack, st man thought no more of the Austrian "She-well, she always sleeps here." woman. Even in his delirium, the wandering memory recalled and the

"A play should have continuous action

fast freezing lips named "Josephine! What a Good Play Must Have.

Frohman in Harper's Weekly. "A successful play must contain continuous struggling and battle; the struggle of love with duty, to name the most all ways a model young man. Aunt dwelt frequent example. The characters may on his perfections. be sitting in their chairs, talking pleasantly together, and still fulfill this but we are at peace concerning him, purpose. And the action must go forward by leaps and bounds, from one climax to another. The ideal play will have the fewest characters, but it will bold the attention so that you won't know whether there are six or sixty; and two persons upon the stage will hold the audience entranced as in the try select a family physician, they stick Greek drama. Like the Greek characto him," says Dr. John Matthews, of ters, too, they will appear as puppets Illinois, who is visiting friends here. "If upon a dark background of necessity, he goes away they won't call in account they have helplessly brought into ex-

WINTER SUNSHINE.

The dazzling earth aglow with golden haze, That makes me think of long-forgotten days weet days whose ghosts walk ever by unseen.

A far-off shaft of sunlight turns to gold | The window of a far-off house; I see The long, wide porch, the graceful willow tree, And boyish dreams come trooping back to me.

On afternoons upon the porch at home— Like unspent echoes of spent sounds they come Because a sunbeam lies upon the wall. For though it shines just as it used to do

Still I have found some blessedness in this